OUR INSURANCE is a VITAL PRECAUTION. *See page 11*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No 451. | SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

431845

For meaning of this No. see page 11. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See Page 11.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 11, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 11, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, January 27, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, January 28.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—

D. SEYMOUR SMIT, 65, Crouch Hall Road, Crouch End, N. 21306 January 2nd.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 16th:—

007007	157545	366506	551240	801810
020610	196330	384945	584223	807947
049736	202887	396126	618216	873068
062406	211178	419768	627872	899432
082781	255727	434687	646271	906416
094931	274288	462339	681485	964320
118170	296811	482611	700799	981644
119409	313430	510297	703014	A000362
129908	322960	519290	767635	A008765
141361	357674	534585	775236	A027543

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published January 27th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **January 23, 1915.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Second Round Cup-Tie Contest.

Matches to be played Saturday, Jan. 30th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Newcastle U.	v.	Swansea
			Sheffield W.	v.	Wolverhampton W.
			Fulham	v.	Southampton
			Brighton & Hove	v.	Birmingham
			Everton	v.	Bristol City
			Bradford City	v.	Middlesbro'
			Manchester C.	v.	Aston Villa
			Oldham A.	v.	Rochdale
			Hull City	v.	Northampton
			Bolton Wan.	v.	Millwall
			Bury	v.	Bradford
			Sheffield United	v.	Liverpool
			Burnley	v.	Bristol R. or Southend
			Chelsea	v.	Arsenal
			Norwich City	v.	Tottenham H.
			Queen's P.R.	v.	Leeds City
			Barnsley	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Glossop	v.	Grimsby
			Stockport County	v.	Derby County
			Croydon Common	v.	Reading

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

13 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column. [The teams given in column 1 will remain the "Home" teams even if some sell choice of ground.]

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address, in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, **Second Round Contest,** and send to reach us not later than **Friday, January 29th.**

3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on January 30th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,500, the £250, or the £100, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the **next** most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, the £100, as well as the special £25 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, JANUARY 29th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Newcastle U v. Swansea.				Bury v. Bradford City
			Sheffield W. v. Wolverhampton W.				Sheffield U. v. Liverpool
			Fulham v. Southampton				Burnley v. Bristol R. or Southend
			Brighton & H. v. Birmingham				Chelsea v. Arsenal
			Everton v. Bristol City				Norwich C. v. Tottenham H.
			Bradford City v. Middlesbro'				Queen's P.R. v. Leeds City
			Manchester C. v. Aston V.				Barnsley v. Huddersfield T.
			Oldham v. Rochdale				Glossop v. Grimsby
			Hull City v. Northampton				Stockport C. v. Derby C.
			Bolton W. v. Millwall				Croydon Common v. Reading

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 451. Week ending Saturday, January 23rd, 1915. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, SPORTING *and* LEGAL *inquiries should be directed to the Financial, Insurance, Sporting, or Legal Editor, as the case may be. All communications should be addressed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for January 16th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 798,112.

Any person possessing this copy should apply to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our War Rally.

Elsewhere we deal with the remarkable scenes which characterised our own war rally at the Albert Hall last week. We are, of course, very flattered to have won so large a public, both in London and the provinces, but it is very embarrassing, all the same. And when it is remembered that, with the exception of a few of the boxes and forty stalls, not a ticket was issued, the thing becomes the more remarkable—the official report being that upwards of forty thousand people endeavoured to obtain admission. Verily, we are coming to our own, at last.

All in the Same Boat.

We were naturally somewhat handicapped by our experiences before getting on to the platform. Even we were shut out, and it took us an hour and a half to get through the crowd, and then we succeeded only by the aid of mounted police. The result was that we were obliged to condense our speech considerably, and to omit many things we had intended to say. But what we did say seemed to appeal to the judgment of the great audience—the greatest ever packed into the Hall, for not till every inch of the ground was occupied were the doors closed. A full report of the speech will be available in a few days.

Our Hostel for the Wounded.

We are now looking for a suitable site at Boulogne, and hope next week to be able to make a definite announcement. We do not agree with our friend *Truth* that such an institution is unnecessary. Indeed, the letters of appreciation which have already reached us from soldiers themselves prove the contrary.

The Approaching Raid.

It is with no light sense of responsibility that we this week issue a warning to our fellow citizens—especially those in London and on the coast—to be prepared for an early and desperate demonstration by the enemy—probably a concerted submarine and aeroplane attack and bombardment, with a reckless attempt at landing a raiding force. It *may* be that the *coup* will be delayed till later in the spring, but the intention is to time it about the end of the present month, and to prevent the carrying out of our plans for transporting the new Army. Forewarned is forearmed.

Ramsay's Rambles.

What is this we hear about the experience of Ramsay Macdonald in France the other day? Is it true?—but we must first ask the Censor!

Conscription Coming.

It is now practically certain that within the next few weeks, by either passing a special Act or putting into operation the common law of the land, every man of fighting age—probably from 18 to 30—will be called to the colours. And here let us make a suggestion: when the new terms of payment and pension are settled, there should be a differentiation between the allowances to the volunteer and the conscript. The men who, of their own accord, rally to the flag should have better pay than the slacker.

Kur Hardie.

Surely one of the first things which the House of Commons should do when it reassembles is to expel, or at any rate suspend, Keir Hardie, whose speeches are treason to the King. Quite lately he told a working man audience that we were under no obligation to protect the integrity of Belgium; that such a plea was merely an excuse for joining in the war, and that the *entente* with France was engineered in the interests of the millionaires! We read that the old crank has broken down in health—an excellent reason for resigning his seat.

Popes, Prelates and Potsdam.

With charming simplicity, the Rev. R. J. Campbell suggests that a general council of all Christian churches, convened by the Pope, should discuss the war with a view to bringing pressure upon the Kaiser to stop it! Better hold the conferences in Rheims Cathedral!

The "Daily Citizen" Scandal.

Although our representative was not allowed to be present at the meeting of the Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, recently called to confirm a further levy for the benefit of the *Daily Citizen*, we are glad to gather that the proposal was defeated. By all means let the Trades Unions have an organ of their own—but it should be controlled by the proper people, and not run on P.S.A. principles. Preaching and politics are two quite distinct things.

Last chance to win our £1,500 Football Cup Tie Prize. Final coupon.

Huns will Hallelujah!

Things are moving rapidly, and if the Kaiser does not soon present the iron cross that somebody in the Home Office is working for so hard, the weight of public opinion in Germany will surely compel him to do so. We have referred to the release of Huns, interned for good reasons, in order that they might take the bread out of British workers' mouths. Since then, mobs of imprisoned German waiters have been released for the same purpose and are back in the London hotels gaily shuffling the plates and dishes. Now comes the greatest move in the official bid for the iron cross decoration. We are to trade with the enemy! It is true that we may not send direct to Berlin for our goods; but the latest Proclamation tells us that if a German firm has an English branch, we may patronise it with impunity. That makes it all right for Fritz Leitmann and Co. Their stuff will reach us through neutral ports; and the dear German friends of the Home Office will not be losers to any extent.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er England's dark sea,
McKenna has triumphed; the Germans are free!

The Closed Door.

Military discipline must, of course, be maintained, and we have steadily refrained from criticism which might render more difficult the maintenance of order and decorum among the troops in training. At the same time, we sympathise with the complaint of a correspondent who writes to relate his experience at Newcastle during Christmas leave. Having thrown up an excellent business connection to take service in Lord Kitchener's Army, our friend was prepared loyally to submit to all rational disciplinary rules, but he was surprised and annoyed to find that throughout his Yuletide furlough the doors of hotels and public-houses were closed to him, except for an hour at mid-day and a couple of hours at night. At other times he was curtly informed that "no soldier could be served." The result was that, if he met a friend in the afternoon or late in the evening, he was compelled to decline any convivial proposal. There would appear to be no real necessity for any such vexatious restriction during a period of relaxation from military duty. This kind of thing is apt to spoil the temper and spirit of the men.

The Patience of Jo—ffre.

We have all heard of the patience of Job—but, with all respect to the shade of that illustrious Uzite, what is not less a marvel unto us is the patience of Joffre. Seldom in the history of war can there have been so patient a commander of forces; seldom one who made haste so slowly, or who bided his moment with such masterly restraint; always advancing foot by foot, yard by yard; never flurried, never surprised, never resting; cautiously moving his pawns one by one and keeping them supported until the morning dawns when he will be able to flash the word along the line, "Forward, soldiers, to Berlin!" In another few weeks he will be reinforced by the finest armies which have ever left these shores, and Germhuns will realise that business for the spring season has commenced.

Hard "Lines."

Is it the fact that, whilst soldiers in general have the privilege of half railway-fares when on leave—and sometimes can travel free—men who have volunteered after having left the regular Army years ago, and who are now serving on home defence, are obliged to pay full fares whenever they travel? We allude, for instance, to the Surrey National Reserve, who are guarding the railways from London to the coast, and whose pay is a shilling a day, and who carry out their duties on the property of the railway companies.

"Pass, Friends!"

Complaints reach us from travellers coming to England that the arrangements in regard to the issuing of passports at Flushing are abominable in the extreme. They are told that the documents must be presented for endorsement at the British Consulate at 8 o'clock in the morning, and, as the rush is great, some applicants arrive as early as 9 o'clock on the previous night and stand up in queues till the break of day. Women with babies in arms have been obliged to undergo this long vigil—and, as the Consul's residence faces the sea, it is difficult to exaggerate the suffering these poor things have to undergo in the weather which prevails at this season. But even when the doors are opened, it does not necessarily follow that they will get what they have done so much to obtain—as, we are told, the number of tickets issued each day to those lodging their passports for the necessary verification, is strictly limited, so that many have been sent empty away, to resume their painful watch on another night. We feel sure this state of affairs is unknown to our Consul at Flushing, and that, whilst tucked away comfortably in his warm bed, he does not dream that a crowd of shivering people outside his residence are silently counting the cold and weary hours as they drag along. We are equally certain that, now that we have drawn his attention to the matter, he will have it inquired into without delay. At his brother Consul's in Rotterdam, we believe, applicants are served more promptly and considerately.

General Malaprop.

The General Officer commanding the Cape Garrison could scarcely have chosen a more inopportune moment for insulting the rank and file of the Regular Army. Discussing a scheme of amusements for South African troops, this officer lately observed: "There is a much higher standard of intellect in the Defence Force than in the Regular Army, and I will not say that the standard enjoyed by the Tommy will be the standard best suited for the Defence Force." This "odorous" comparison was made at a public meeting, and it has, of course, been widely interpreted as an intentional slur upon the intelligence of the British soldier, whom it is the General's privilege to command. If General Thompson did not mean what he said, then the sooner he says so and tells us what he did mean, the better. If, on the other hand, he holds Tommy's intelligence as cheaply as his remark suggests, we can congratulate him upon neither his discernment nor his manners. Physically, morally, and intellectually, we'll back the British soldier against any fighting man on earth.

The Murder Out.

"If you see it in JOHN BULL, it *is* so," and, of course, the "secret" could not be kept for long. Lord Haldane has now publicly admitted that he was recently in charge of the Foreign Office during the temporary absence of Sir Edward Grey. Proudly boasting that he had been "at the very heart of things," his Lordship went on to repeat the trite and unconvincing platitudes about the war which have already excited the misgivings of his friends and the animosity of his foes. "Germany has lately gone mad," we read, and, by a curious coincidence, Lord Haldane once had a dog which misbehaved in similar fashion. This perverse animal must be distinguished from "Kaiser," who, as far as we know, remains a source of joy and comfort to his right honourable and learned master. But, jesting apart, and the matter is serious, there must be no more of these little "arrangements" behind the back of the nation. If Sir Edward Grey wants a rest, Parliament should nominate his deputy.

"Bullets"—the best-judged word Competition, with most Prizes.

The Fleet Domestic.

We have received batches of letters from stewards who have signed on in ships chartered by the Government, the writers of which ask concerning separation allowances and other things that the soldier and sailor are supposed to be entitled to. The steward on the liner gets his pay and also such tips as the passenger gives him. In the Royal Navy he gets pay—and small pay at that—and no tips unless he has decent officers to serve. He is merely a "domestic." He is nobody's child. We cannot help him. Perhaps, having regard to the risks of mines, of being overtaken by the enemy and destroyed or drowned or minced up, the Admiralty may decide to make his pay such that he is as well off financially as the very decent, meek, deferential fellow who looks after us on the liner in peace time when we pass down the African "lane," or make off to India or Canada. The fault seems to lie with the stewards themselves. There is a demand for them for peace service. If they elect to serve where they have war risks, without the advantages of the ordinary bluejacket, they have themselves to blame. At the same time, we hope the Admiralty will wake up and do the fair thing by them.

Helping the Doctors.

We have had bushels of letters complaining about the upper windows on L.C.C. trams, starting from Finsbury Park, being kept open in all weathers, thus creating a fiendish draught and helping the medical man's trade. We risked the other day the life of one of our Commissioners, who rode from Finsbury Park to Tottenham Court Road—but he is now approaching convalescence. The morning was foggy and chill, and the ride was a torture. The conductor nearly wept when asked to make things more comfortable, and explained that his Inspector had instructed him to keep the windows open, and that if he disobeyed he would share the fate of at least one colleague who had been suspended for falling in with the view of a passenger that there would be less chance of pneumonia if the windows were closed.

Now then, Young Man!

Just read this—from a Hampshire reader:—

> My eldest son was "killed in action" on October 13th. My second son, aged 22, has just returned from India for active service. I took my farewell of him on Tuesday last—perhaps an eternal farewell, God knows. My next son is only 7 years of age, but *he wants to enlist.* My husband (54 years) has also registered his name as willing to give his services to King and country if called upon. *These are my all.* After my eldest son fell, "a German Hun" robbed his dead body of a watch his father gave him on his 21st birthday.

If you have not enlisted, aren't you ashamed of yourself?

A Good Prescription.

What do you think of this, which is sent us by Mr. Fred W. Hates:—

> Take a little touch of ENGLISH,
> Only just a little bit;
> Mix it well with SCOTLAND'S muscle,
> Add a little IRISH grit.
> Then of WELSH one tablespoonful,
> Shake it well and it's complete;
> And you call the mixture BRITAIN,
> And it's DAMNED hard stuff to beat!

Our Dumb Soldiers.

In our anxiety for the men fighting at the front, do not let us forget our dear dumb friends, the horses. Everybody willing to do something for *their* comfort should write for particulars to the Secretary of the Blue Cross Fund (of which Lady Smith-Dorrien is President), Mr. Arthur J. Coke, of Our Dumb Friends' League, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Enemy Beer.

Another "growl" from South Africa comes to hand by this mail. According to the *Johannesburg Mail* report of the recent Licensing Sessions at Durban, "a long list of applications came up for the renewal of their licences on the part of holders bearing the names of enemy subjects. Among them were several who are interned as prisoners of war." It will naturally be assumed that the licences in question were summarily cancelled, but we regret to state that no such sensible course commended itself to the Court. "Mr. H. J. Stuart, representing a group of the applicants in question, afterwards pointed out that 48 hours' notice of objection was required under the Act. . . . In no instance had notice been given, and in each case the renewal was granted." Thus, upon a mere technicality, these favoured Huns retain their right to "victual" loyal Britishers! The remedy is obviously with the public, who must boycott the houses in question. Meanwhile, the existing licensing regulations should be adapted to war conditions.

A Mischievous Mistake.

John Steele, a coach painter, and "evidently a man of good education," was recently arraigned at Marylebone upon a charge of "loitering with intent to commit a felony." The accused bore an excellent character, but two constables swore that on the night of his arrest he had behaved in a most suspicious manner, and had finally "put his hand upon the clasp of a lady's bag." The story might have been more convincing if the lady in question had come forward in support of the charge, but this she had failed to do. After hearing the prisoner's account of the affair, Mr. Paul Taylor had no hesitation in discharging him "without a stain upon his character," remarking that "it was natural that mistakes should occur in crowded places." We are sure the learned magistrate will permit us to add a rider to his judgment, and we suggest that the police officers concerned were gravely at fault in preferring such a charge against a man of good character without an atom of corroborative evidence. Such "mistakes" should be severely discouraged.

The Other Cheek!

It is not our business to advertise the opinions of deluded pacifists like the Rev. G. T. Sadler, of Wimbledon. He had his spread and we replied to him, and enough of such a gentleman is as good as a banquet. As, however, he has taken the trouble to write a long screed to "answer" us, we will give him just this start. "You assume," says he in his firstly, "that had England not resisted, Germany would soon have captured Belgium and the coast to Calais, and done other dreadful things. But *you do not reckon with the Might of true Meekness*"; the italics and the capitals are the rev. gent.'s—not ours. After this, there is evidently only one place for the rest; the waste-paper basket, to wit.

A Way They Have in the Army.

A story which comes from Mitcham Road Barracks, Croydon, goes to show how great is the soldier's regard for the honour of his regiment. Two men deserted, and were brought back from Southampton by an escort which arrived before it was expected. Without waiting for the culprits to be dealt with by the officers, the men took the law into their own hands, and after administering what they regarded as suitable castigation, finished up by tying the deserters to a fence and leaving them there to suffer the gibes of all who passed by. Very wrong of them, of course!

Result of our No. 11 Football Contest. See page 27.

PREPARE FOR THE UNEXPECTED.

GERMAN MISCHIEF BREWING—COMBINED AIRCRAFT, SUBMARINE AND COAST RAID COMING.

We think our readers know that we are not alarmists, and that we view the final outcome of the great war with absolute calm and confidence. In fact, we are almost alone in our prediction that the end is much nearer than the official mind thinks. But we must not live in a fool's paradise—and they who think that the end will come without the inhabitants of Great Britain receiving a rude shock are likely very soon to be disillusioned. It must be remembered that one of the nations at war with Germany is Great Britain, and that so far, owing to a variety of reasons, we have taken but a small part in the conflict. We have sent about half-a-million men to co-operate with the French, in the field, and we have driven the German trading ships off the sea. For the rest, we are watching the outlets from Kiel harbour—looking for that fleet which was supposed to be yearning for The Day, but, as we said at the Albert Hall, seems to prefer the night—whilst we are preparing a new army, to be sent to the aid of our allies as soon as it is ready. In the meantime, all at home is very much as before—and we have been taught to smile when we hear hints of Zeppelin raids and coast invasions.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.

Thus it came as a surprise to most of us when the other day some of the German ships managed to elude our observation, run over to the Yorkshire coast, bombard one or two defenceless, unfortified towns, and after killing some hundreds of men, women and children, get safely back again. Of course, there was nothing very heroic in the performance; it was the sort of thing which happens in every naval war, where there is a long coast line to defend

But there it was. Then, every week almost, in some mysterious way a British vessel is torpedoed by an invisible submarine, which, apparently, comes from nowhere, and returns before we can locate it. Still, we don't worry. And all we are now waiting for is a bomb or two, dropped on London one night whilst we are asleep. Even then we shall simply say, "It can't be helped; it's an incident of war; Kitchener and Fisher will soon put it right." So far, so good. But if you think the Huns are going to rest content with these little demonstrations, you are hugging a big delusion. *They are merely experiments;* and for some time past the enemy has been planning a spectacular descent upon England, with the two-fold purpose—first, of spreading dismay and panic in the land, and, secondly, of giving its own people a "show" and a much-needed stimulant to atone for the delay in getting to Paris and Calais; whilst behind it all is a vague hope that the bold step in contemplation may possibly have the effect of disorganising our naval plans and letting out the ships at present bottled up in the Canal. Of course, all this is known to the Admiralty and the War Office, but it is right that the public should know it—*and prepare for it.*

THE COMING RAID.

Let us, therefore, state clearly what is in contemplation, but let us, at the outset, also state that nothing is more certain, so far as anything in war can be certain, than that, although there will be considerable damage to property, and, most likely, some loss of life, the result of the attempt will be to teach the Germans a lesson which they will never forget—and, incidentally, to hasten the end of the campaign. Rest assured that when it comes to a serious attack upon our own waters and shores, or in our air, it will be found that a "warm" welcome awaits the visitors; the Huns will understand better than they do to-day the exact meaning of such phrases as the might of Britain and the power of the British Empire. Its submarines will be sunk; its raiding force will be annihilated, and its air-craft will soon make the acquaintance of either our ground or our water. *But the attack is intended*; and—unless this public disclosure which we are now making, or some other unforeseen event should occur to alter the Kaiser's plans—*it will come within the next few weeks.* And now that we have said it, perhaps the authorities will kindly issue full instructions for the guidance of the civilian population—plain, simple directions, which everyone can understand. We believe that, as a fact, a set of such regulations has already been drawn up. *Let us have it.* We don't want a repetition of the experience of the crew who were listening to the boasts of the bragging pilot who had just said, "Yes, I know every rock in these parts," when there came an awful crash—whereupon he added, "*and that's one of them.*" We want to know at once what we are to do when the bombs begin to drop and the shells begin to burst, and, possibly, a raiding party begins to land. We say "begin" advisedly—they will never do much more. So come, Mr. Prime Minister; don't be nervous; *we are not*—but we don't want to be taken by surprise.

AN EXPERT'S VIEW.

Here is the view of Mr. A. G. Hales, an expert whose knowledge and experience in matters of war give special weight to his views.—

"The last five months of the dead year should have taught all of us wisdom, but there are men in Britain who will never learn; nothing short of an actual invasion will convince them that Britain is in danger. They scoffed when told that a coast raid on these shores was possible. They gibbered when told that our cities were liable to aerial devastation—pointing derisively to the ocean that laps our coast on all sides. They cackled when they heard of the German threat of a submarine blockade of Britain, and are cackling yet over that latest vaunt of our foes. . . The coast raid has come to pass, as the 112 graves near the sea, and the

shattered homes in our villages, tell us only too plainly. The aerial attempt has been made, and will be made again, and it is not beyond the bounds of probability that a submarine blockade will be attempted, nor beyond the limits of possibility that it may prove partly successful for a time, for such a venture is Germany's greatest chance to loose the grip of our Fleet on the throat of her naval power. The Teuton aim is to scatter our navy all round our coast and so leave the seas open for German cruisers to prey on commerce, and if the enemy gains partial successes we must accept them as part and parcel of war, and neither whimper nor whine. Even if a strong raiding force lands in England during 1915, there need be no feeling of pessimism in regard to our Navy. Fisher's fleet cannot be everywhere, and there will be plenty of British lads ready to push the Germans, at the point of the bayonet, into the sea.

"UNEXPECTED" HAPPENINGS.

"I have seen the utterly unexpected happen so often in war, that it is the unexpected I now look for—the seemingly impossible is the thing that mostly comes to pass. Whoever dreamed Japan would beat Russia; who amongst the quidnuncs thought it possible for a paltry state like Bulgaria to humble Turkey? Who imagined the Boer farmers could hold out for three years against the might of the British Empire? Who believed Servia could shake Austria to its foundations? Who dared prophesy that tiny Belgium could check the flood of towering Germany in the first onrush of her pride and power? Fewer still will give credence to the Germanic boast concerning the submarine blockade of Britain—but it may be possible, and that which is even remotely possible should be prepared for. If I were in command of an army, I should ask my staff to name the three most unlikely points of attack open to the enemy, and those three points I should instantly proceed to make invulnerable; and far-fetched as the blockade of Britain may seem, I consider it the immediate duty of the Government to minimise its consequences should it come to pass. We do not know what surprise Germany may have in store for us this year. She may have submarines of a quality and capacity we cannot even guess at; this need not fret us—in the end we know we shall send them to the bottom of the sea. But this cocksureness is going to entail a lot of trouble and unnecessary suffering, unless we take to heart the greatest lesson of all modern wars—"It is the seemingly impossible that mostly happens."

"British statesmen know by this time that we are at war with a nation to whom the rules of the game are merely so many "scraps of paper," and it may well happen that Admiral Von Tirpitz's threat to make ruthless war on our unarmed mercantile marine with his submarines may come to pass; for nothing is too despicable for this enemy when smarting under a defeat. The men who gloried in bombarding defenceless Scarborough and Hartlepool, and butchering our women and children, are not likely to hold their hands for fear of slaughtering passengers on our merchant shipping. I have no suggestions to make concerning the way our navy should combat this proposed outrage by the Teuton ruffians. That is a matter for our admirals, and no landsman's opinion is of any value on such a question of naval tactics; but a landsman may be forgiven for drawing attention to a danger that may be very real when we take into consideration the unscrupulous character of our chief opponent.

"The principal aim of the proposed submarine attack upon our merchant vessels is to cripple, if possible, Britain's food supplies. The Germans know that we have neglected to put our own soil under the plough, they know also that last year forty-six millions of acres were cultivated in Kaiserland, and nearly sixty million acres are under cultivation this year to make up for our blockade of their ports. We need not be pessimistic about the result; our foes may cause a shortage of foodstuffs, but they will never bring about a famine. Still, late as it is, we should put every available acre under the plough and have something considerable of our own growing to fall back upon. There is no pessimism about this suggestion, but sufficient commonsense to recommend it to any Government that possessed even a scintilla of business acumen.

THE RAIDING FORCE.

"Concerning a raiding force, I hold, and have always held, the opinion that early this year—possibly before the spring—the Kaiser will attempt to land a force of 300,000 men on British soil.

"I do not consider it an impossible task, for in spite of all the news to the contrary, the Germans are massing a vast army behind the lines that have been battling with our troops on the road to Calais. When the time is ripe for the venture, a gigantic movement will be made against the troops now fighting under General French, and if a breach is made, then will come the long-dreamed-of attacks on England—not an isolated attack, but a combined movement of infantry and artillery, airships of all kinds and conditions, with a backing of submarines, strengthened possibly by the whole German fleet. Given an extraordinary combination of favourable circumstances, the raid may be successful to the extent of securing a footing on English soil, and then our people will know what real war is—for no home will be spared within the zone of German activities. The raid will fulfil its purpose if a great amount of property is destroyed. I do not believe for a moment that the Kaiser or his military council consider it possible to hold any ground they may gain; they know they will be driven off within a few weeks; they hope that the moral effect of such a raid will bring Great Britain to a frame of mind in which she will be ready to listen to peace talks from Potsdam. In this they are wrong. Peace will never be signed in this war until British troops are quartered in Berlin."

THE MORAL OF IT ALL.

So much for the opinion of Mr. Hales. What, then, is the moral of it? Surely that we must above all things keep our heads cool; that the Government must as far as possible take the people into its confidence; and, lastly, that, subject to taking every reasonable precaution for our safety, we should continue to place implicit confidence in Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher—and the splendid men at their command.

PHEW! WHAT A NIGHT!

OUR WONDERFUL RALLY—NEARLY FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE CLAMOUR FOR ADMISSION.

Phew! *What* a night! Even the Albert Hall officials had never seen anything like it. "At three o'clock in the afternoon," said the Inspector of Police, "people began to arrive, and although the doors were advertised to open at seven it was absolutely necessary to let them in long before." Of course there was much disappointment, and although, on the whole, the people took the situation philosophically, there was a certain element of hostility when it became rumoured that the hall had been packed with ticket-holders. Nothing could be further from the truth. But the misconception is easily explained. First, as in all gatherings at the Albert Hall, there were the Freeholders' boxes, the owners of which have tickets sent them for every function. That is part of the Contract of Hire. Secondly, we had issued tickets for seats in some of the remaining private boxes, and 40 stalls had to be reserved for various people—artistes, the Press, and others present in a more or less official capacity. But with those exceptions *not a seat was reserved*—and, as a fact, some of those which were so reserved might just as well not have been, so great was the pressure outside. For instance, neither Miss Ruth Vincent nor Mr. Harry Dearth succeeded in getting in. The idea that the twenty thousand who secured admission the moment the doors opened enjoyed any special favouritism is entirely devoid of foundation—their early arrival being the sole explanation. All the same, it was very annoying to those who had come from long distances only to be disappointed, and we are perplexed to know how to grapple with the problem of finding adequate accommodation for our meetings.

SUGGESTIONS INVITED.

Can our readers help us? Many suggestions have already been made, but they do not appear to meet the case. "Why not make a charge for admission?" is one which perhaps comes nearest to a solution, but we are not greatly enamoured of the idea, unless, indeed, the proceeds of the sale of seats were given to one of the war funds. Another suggestion is that we should take a hall for a week and distribute tickets amongst our readers in order of their application, so that each night only the actual capacity of the building would be covered. And there are many others. We can only say that we are open to consider any plan likely to remedy the present difficulty. In the meantime, we have one or two notions of our own and it is possible that in the course of the next fortnight we may have an interesting announcement to make.

THE MUSIC-HALLS—AND CHURCHES?

But by way of a start we have decided upon a frontal attack upon the music-halls, and, as will have been gathered from the newspapers, we start on Monday next at the Empire, in Leicester Square—where the directors have placed the stage at our disposal for twenty minutes every evening for a week, prior to the commencement of the second half of the programme. There is plenty of fine material there for Kitchener's Army, whilst indirectly such an assembly affords a unique opportunity for reaching a section of the public which is not touched by ordinary propaganda. If we find the scheme successful, we shall extend it, with the co-operation of the various proprietors, to all parts of the country; and by way of variety we are considering offers of the pulpits of various churches for recruiting purposes. After all, as we said at our meeting, it is not much which we who are on the wrong side of forty can do, but are we doing all we can? Where are our "leaders"? *Have* we any? Besides, recruiting for soldiers is only half the duty of public men—we must recruit also for robust, patriotic and well equipped *citizens*. The times are such that we need a new race of MEN, for this ghastly war is but a great world storm preceding the dawn of a new day—a day which will try the mettle of mankind. The Peace Treaty of Berlin will be the beginning, and not the end, of the thing. All else is preliminary. *That* is what we have to drive into the mind and the heart of the people. And we mean to do *our* part towards it.

THE MEETING.

We have said nothing about the meeting itself. Truth to tell, it defies description. Here is an extract from a letter sent to one of our readers by a friend who was present, and who, as will be seen, claims to be a connoisseur in such matters:—

> As one who for a long time found his only relaxation in attending big public gatherings, I became a sort of connoisseur of same. Last evening I came across "a gem of purest ray." Let me explain. I had previously recognised the peculiar magnetism of Joseph Chamberlain, the polished oratory of Lord Rosebery and the Celtic fire of Lloyd George, and I thought I had heard the "last word" on platform and political matters. . . . On looking round, one missed the "big bugs"—*i.e.*, the political leaders—but saw instead a galaxy of hard-brained commercial men, professional men and past, present and future defenders of the country. This was surprise No. 1. Surprise No. 2 was to see Mr. Bottomley when he came in after his fight through the crowd—cool and collected, instead of the hot-headed masterful "bouncer." Surprise No. 3 was Mr. Bottomley's speech and its freedom from "swank" and "playing to the gallery." He gave us facts and pure reason for an hour; he did not work up for applause and he never raised his voice beyond the conversational pitch. He carried the packed audience with him as doubtless he would have carried the huge crowd outside with him. He did it without an effort (apparently) on his own part and certainly without what are commonly known as platform tricks. One looked for the secret. There is no secret—Mr. Bottomley has a "message," and he seems to give it with his heart and soul. I am henceforward a Bottomley man, with such reservations as I feel sure he would be the first to allow me.

And we will leave it at that, so far as we are personally concerned. But it leaves a lot untold. There was an electricity, a magnetism, in the air which only great occasions engender. There was nothing artificial about the thing. The Chairman—the Rev. A. J. Waldron, the famous Vicar of Brixton—held the huge crowd by his powerful personality, and spoke, free from cant and dogma, the gospel of a broad, enlightened, and modernised Christianity—in which Humanity and Patriotism were the leading notes. He is one of the many members of the clergy whose regard we have been fortunate to win, and when he declared that instead of apologising for his presence, he was "proud" to be at our side, we could not help reflecting upon the enormous change in public thought which this war is bringing about.

We are delighted to hear that after the meeting there was quite a rush of recruits; and it would be interesting to know exactly how many have joined the colours, to date, as a direct result of our personal propaganda.

And now to continue the campaign.

SMUT AND SLUSH.

PROWLING PRUDES AND CROAKING CRANKS.

We continue to receive a variety of reports concerning the efforts of "moral" faddists to improve the occasion of the present war. We particularly regret to notice a recent publication of the Young Men's Christian Association. Its opening pages are devoted to the discussion of the submarine menace and other perils of the deep Having thus secured the reader's attention, it proceeds :—

> Only a thought, only a ripple on the surface like the trail of the torpedo. The victim feels secure and lets his imagination run riot. He has forgotten that "When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin: and sin when it is full grown bringeth forth death." Thought leads to act almost invariably, and more deadly than the submarine is the enslaving habit—especially that of secret vice. If you wish to serve your country and to retain your manhood, avoid secret sin as you would avoid the deadly torpedo.

This rather disgusting paragraph is immediately followed by an even more direct reference to matters of sexual morality. We read :—

> Only a mild flirtation has not infrequently led to the ruin of an innocent girl. The seducer, the wretch who will rob a girl of her virtue, is every bit as despicable as the despoilers of village homes in Belgium and France.

A reader assures us that a copy of this pamphlet, with the above passage underlined, was recently handed to him in a public restaurant where he was dining with the lady whom he hopes to marry. We can imagine no more offensive proceeding, and we sincerely trust that the Y.M.C.A. authorities were in no way responsible for such an outrage upon common decency. Meanwhile, we suggest that they might be better employed than in furnishing unwholesome cranks with material.

"Women and wine" are as closely associated in the disordered imagination of these nasty-minded pests as in the practice of the libertine, and we note that the militant teetotalers have not yet relinquished the "offensive." Because Tommy in the rain-soaked trenches is to enjoy his tot of rum till the warmer weather comes, the National Temperance Federation is "on its hind-legs," thus :—

> The National Temperance Federation, therefore, earnestly hope that the Government will reverse the decision which has been arrived at by the War Department, especially since it is diametrically opposed to the strongly expressed opinions of Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, and the late Lord Wolseley, who have repeatedly shown that the issue of rum to troops in the field is a serious error, and that, *other things being equal*, total abstinence from alcohol is the surest way to obtain the speedy and successful termination of every campaign.

The italics are ours, and it is obvious that the words emphasised govern the whole sense of the statements in question. Upon no sentimental grounds, but for solid medical reasons, Lord Kitchener has determined that the lads in the trenches shall have their grog—and this attempt to convict the War Minister of inconsistency in the matter is merely silly and quite wide of the mark.

"CÆSAR'S WIFE."

GOVERNMENT AND FIRM WITH GERMAN CONNECTIONS.

We showed in our issue of the 9th inst., in an article entitled "Tu-be or not Tu-be," that the Clydeside Tube Co., Ltd., was owned as to one-half by Messrs. Stewarts and Lloyds, Ltd., of Glasgow, and as to the other by a German company, a German subject and a London firm which represented in Great Britain one of the departments of Krupps, of Essen. We hear that Stewarts and Lloyds, Ltd., are at the moment carrying out, at Salisbury Plain, a large and important engineering contract for the War Office, and whilst we do not doubt that the company itself is quite English—or rather Scotch—we do submit that, having regard to their close financial and commercial relations with alien enemies through the Clydeside Tube Co., Ltd., the Government might have considered the superior claims in regard to this contract of British firms who make it a rule to limit their circle of business connections to their own countrymen. In matters of this kind, concerns entrusted with work for the Government of so vital a character should be above the remotest suspicion of friendly relations with the enemy.

AN OLD HOUND'S NEW TRICK.

STORY OF A SCOUNDREL, SCAPEGOATS AND "SLOPS."

The popular idea that a policeman's duty is to prevent crime has once more been proved fallacious. A young girl was charged at Bow Street a few days ago with obstruction by selling pamphlets and collecting money for the "National Patriotic Society," of 89, Harringdon Street. It appeared that the police had visited the address of the Society with a view to getting at the principal. The man seen by the officer "declined to give his name"—whereupon the representative of law seems to have made an undignified retreat, possibly even apologising for the intrusion! The magistrate, in disposing of the case, told the collector that when sent on a mission of this description she was not rendering the national cause assistance, but was putting into the pockets of swindlers money begged from the public. But what we want to know is why the rascals are not arrested. The name of the chief is Alroy—a notorious scamp who first came under our notice when running what he termed "The Thames Christian and Temperance Mission," from 2, Princeton Street, Red Lion Square, W.C. Here, too, he employed girl canvassers to go from door to door and obtain subscriptions for a "Fresh Air Fund and Free Meals for Poor Orphans." A printed sheet carried by these touts stated that anyone who subscribed a shilling would be given a ticket, for presentation to an orphan, who would be entitled to a day on the river in the Mission's vessel, "St. Paul." Upon one of our representatives calling on Alroy in the garret which was the "Mission's" only quarters, he refused to give the names of the members of his committee, and other necessary particulars. After an unsuccessful search for his vessel and evidence of the carrying out of the free meals scheme, we exposed him in our columns. The police, however, took no action. Two years later, we published another criticism of his methods, asking "Why do not the police move?" The authorities still remaining dormant, Alroy—evidently believing that he could rob with impunity—had the impudence to endeavour to boss them, making this amazing announcement :—

> NOTICE TO POLICE OFFICERS AND PUBLIC.
> It is fraudulent for any persons to collect donations with these tickets, except they hold in their hands the Mission's Authorised Collecting Box.

Shortly afterwards, another of his cat's paws was fined 40s., though, as we said at the time, it seemed a pity that the police did not accept the invitation to take "notice" of the spider who was sucking the life-blood of charity to fatten his own worthless carcase. Alroy still "took it lying down"—though these exposures had the effect of shutting up his "Mission." When we next heard of him, he was (without disclosing his name) running the "National Patriotic Society," from a place in Gracechurch Street. A visit there by a member of our staff resulted in mutual recognition. It was then the second day of his tenancy—he was kicked out on the third, and found pastures new in Harringdon Street, though for the necessary "greenstuff" for his maintenance he sent his "shepherdesses" out into the highways and byways for miles around. Really, it is time that the police put a stop to the machinations of such a despicable rascal.

THE SKIPPER SPEAKS.

TROUBLES OF MINE-SWEEPING MARINERS

Concerns of the greatest efficiency, whether business or otherwise, will always be found to be those where there is least discontent amongst the staff. The skipper of one of the mine-sweeping vessels tells us of a "snipe-nosed Lieutenant Commander, who suffers with his liver and tries to take it out of us." This officer, it seems, is comfortably quartered on shore, his duty being to look after stores—instead of doing which he busies himself by sneaking into public-houses and reporting licensees who are caught serving any mine-sweeper with a glass of beer. The skipper adds: "It is bad enough having to live on salt pork and biscuits, with one's nerves continually on edge while at sea, without having this officer acting policeman while we are ashore." Perhaps "snipe-nose" will take the tip.

Final coupon this week. Great Second-Round Football Cup Contest. £1,500 for a Forecast.

COLD DOUCHE FROM SPIERS AND POND'S.

WHEN THEY GOT THERE. THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE.

When the drum beat to battle and we called our men to arms, among the most striking patriotic signs was a general movement on the part of employers to promise that they would continue to pay, for the duration of the war, all or part of the wages of the men who joined the colours. Most of the larger firms got a fine advertisement out of their declaration, and were hailed as something greater than philanthropists. It is rather disappointing now—although those who know the ways of the average employer were not surprised—to find that the promise is being generally broken. We select a case as typical—the whole of this issue would not suffice to detail all the complaints we have received regarding other firms.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond, Ltd., on August 31st, wrote, through Mr. A. E. Handford, Joint General Manager :—

> It has been decided by the board of directors to pay you during your absence on active service one-half your usual wages, and I shall be glad if you will communicate with me direct stating how and to whom you would like this money paid.

On October 27th the same gentleman wrote this to the wife of the man to whom the letter we have quoted was sent :—

> Referring to the allowance made by this Company to you of one-half of your husband's wages each week, we find from the particulars you have furnished us with that the amount you are receiving from the War Office exceeds the full amount of his wages. We beg to inform you, therefore, that it is not proposed to continue the payment of half wages to you, as obviously you are better off in a monetary sense than you were before the war.

The wages of this poor fellow—who is out fighting for Spiers and Pond among others—amounted to 14s. a week (and he is married, with a child !). The Company are to be congratulated on saving a whole shilling a day at the expense of a breach of their pledged word. As the firm should have known, at the most the wife could be getting but about 16s. a week, including a substantial portion of the man's service pay, whilst she has a baby eight weeks old, requiring expensive foods, and there are instalments on the furniture to be met. The result is that the poor creature has to try to exist on a net income of 1s. 6d. or 2s. a week !

We suspected that this " miss you, love you, kiss you " flummery would peter out as the war progressed and become stale ; and here we find that we were right. We were right also in fearing that, having obtained an advertisement by bellowing out, " We will continue you on half-pay during your absence," some at least of our firms would find a way to slide out of the obligations that they apparently " honourably " undertook.

We can only deplore it—but, after all, it is merely human nature. In the commercial conflict, as in the actual clash of arms, there is no lack of sacrifice in the dashing charge, when " all the world wonders " and applauds. When, however, there is none to bear witness, it is easy to allow discretion to assert itself. Those—whether employers or employed—who remain far from the " tented," or rather hovelled, field can still fight and win battle for Britain.

IN MEMORIAM.

[*The following obituary lines were penned at the suggestion of the relatives of a gallant soldier who has died on active service. Others are at liberty to adopt them for their memorial cards or any similar purposes.*]

He died that all he loved might live,
And Man his mission might achieve ;
He died for those he held most dear,
He died to save the world from fear ;
For Faith and Liberty and Truth
He offered up his stalwart youth ;
He fell in strife that Peace might reign
Throughout the tortured world again.
And we who loved him should rejoice,
Though never more we hear his voice,
That he has joined the glorious band
Who perished for the Motherland.
He died—*if* it were death to give
His life that all he loved might live ! W. M.

QUO WARRANTO?

MYSTERIOUS POST-MORTEM AT ABBEY WOOD.

The circumstances surrounding the recent death of a child in Goldie Leigh Cottage Homes, Abbey Wood, S.E., controlled by the Bethnal Green Board of Guardians, appear to call for authoritative investigation. It seems that the boy in question, a child of four, had been under the care of the Guardians for some two years. For the greater part of this period he had been lodged in the Workhouse building, where he had been regularly visited by his widowed mother, but six weeks before his death he was found to be suffering from ringworm and removed to the Homes. He subsequently contracted pneumonia and became so dangerously ill that it was thought wise to acquaint his mother of his condition. A postcard stating the nature of his illness was followed by a telegram emphasising the gravity of the case. The mother had received no previous intimation of her child's illness, and her feelings may be imagined when, a few hours later, she received a second telegram announcing his death.

Worse was to follow. The distressed mother was naturally anxious to have the child's body brought home, and arrangements to this end were accordingly made. Upon arrival, it was found that the corpse had been shockingly mutilated, although the mother's consent to a *post-mortem* examination had not been obtained. We are informed that the body had been opened all down one side, and part of the skull removed. It would be interesting to know whether this autopsy was performed by the Poor Law Medical Officers, and if so, whether they held a Coroner's warrant for the purpose. In any case they seem to have treated the mother with the scantiest consideration.

CREME DE LA CREME.

MISS COOPER'S COMPLEX COMPLEXION COMMENDATIONS

We beg to tender hearty congratulations to Miss Gladys Cooper on the result of her recent action for libel, and we trust that with the verdict of the jury the painful rumours of which she complained may now be finally laid to rest. We utter this hope the more fervently inasmuch as Miss Cooper will now realise that she ought to turn her attention to another matter which affects her reputation.

We notice that the " interesting announcement on Beauty Culture in general," written by Miss Cooper, at the request of the manufacturers of a certain soap—upon which we made some comments in our issue of December 14th—is still being extensively advertised. As we remarked at the time, Miss Cooper took particular pains to inform those who might be tempted to read her article and to follow her precepts that, personally, she had not tested any of the preparations she recommended. The lady announced that she was fortunate enough not to suffer from the ailments and troubles which she enumerated, but that the remedies recommended had been found to be efficacious by others.

One of these ailments was stated to be a " dull and ugly complexion." In order that those suffering from this trouble might effect a cure, Miss Cooper published the glad tidings that she was " *informed* there is nothing so good as pure mercolised wax," a preparation—like the others she mentioned—sold by the manufacturers of the soap, whose names are conspicuously absent from the advertisement.

Since then, probably owing to the inclement weather, Miss Cooper must have experienced some trouble with her own complexion, for we find that she is now lending her name to an advertisement appearing in the Press—recommending a " Crème de Luxe," which she states she has found " really splendid " and which seems to her to have a " most refreshing and softening effect on the skin," and which she vouches to be " an exquisite face cream." We do not pretend to know why " pure mercolized wax " has received its *congé*, and why the cream now reigns in its stead ; but we do think that the ladies who look to Miss Cooper as their own particular guide, philosopher and friend in the matter of " Beauty Secrets," are entitled to an explanation from her in the matter.

" Bullets " awards more Prizes than any other Competition.